

# 江戸川乱歩異人館

The world of novelists and the likes is separated from that of ordinary souls. Besides hearing and witnessing peculiar occurrences, I often encounter extraordinary, enigmatic oddities.



### The Third Oddity

Kogorou Akechi x Strangulation Man  
Murder on D\*\*\* Hill (First Part)

Hole man,  
Seat man,  
to name  
but a few...



INDEED,  
HIS NAME  
MUST BE  
MENTIONED...



And were I  
to name  
a deviant  
amidst  
the deviants,



The Third Oddity  
Kogorou Akechi x Strangulation Man  
Murder on D\*\*\* Hill (First Part)

\*斬斃 Death by strangulation  
刺殺 Death by stabbing  
縛死 Death by decapitation  
毒殺 Death by poison

whatever-project.com  
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PR1: *Saoren*  
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CL: Jenn, *KateDeathWish*, Lapis, TM  
LT: *Tranquil Melancholy*  
QC: *Tranquil Melancholy*

Greetings Readers,

I usually do not write a lengthy recruiting note but considering this title's audience I suppose it is apt:

I am still looking for a dedicated translator and proofreaders—both context- and English-proofreaders—for this series. Now, it is not as if there have not been any applicants up until now, but it is that they have all been found wanting.

As you can see, it has been many months since Chapter 2; I am almost always drowning under my life responsibilities and ambitions, I rely heavily on my competent members. However, as competent as they are, this series remains a challenge and nobody is able to accept my baton with confidence. Surely the generous white space here allows at least this much verbiage: even in one's wretched, melancholic solitude, this tranquil body feels tragically desolate looking at the abject, multiple repetition of one's own handle in the credits above, thus, visit Whatever's website and send in your application if you can—click the paper airplane button.

**Translator & Context Proofreader:** In addition to the description on Whatever's Join Us page: you must be fluent in Japanese enough to comprehend Japanese dated prose; able to notice subtle differences in tones; able to eloquently, but not excessively, reproduce the original meanings/moods/implications/nuances/styles seamlessly in your translation.

**English Proofreader (/Editor):** In addition to the description on Whatever's Join Us page: you must be able to distinguish between dated and modern English spellings/words, able to eloquently, but not excessively, reproduce the intended meanings/moods/implications/nuances/styles in your edits.

For the rest of the available positions—**Cleaner, Typesetter, SFX-listener**—please read the descriptions on Whatever's Join Us page.

Tranquil Melancholy

江戸川乱歩異人館



It was  
one sultry  
early-  
September  
evening  
several  
years  
back.



I was sipping  
my iced coffee  
inside the cafe  
I patronised  
called  
Hakubaiken,  
located midway  
down the main  
street of  
D\*\*\*\* Hill.



白梅亭



There,  
occasioned by  
my mindless,  
inquisitive  
predisposition,  
was I entangled  
in a bizarre case.

足袋

As I aimlessly looked outside the window, my eyes eventually fell upon this single-house used bookstore; a while passed before I noticed something odd was going on.

古本屋

For a half hour, without counting, I had spotted several thieves sneaking out of the store in succession, yet the normally expected quake of rage never broke out...



THAT'S  
THE  
FOURTH  
ONE.

!?



HAVE  
YOU ALSO  
NOTICED?

Unexpectedly,  
this man  
who suddenly  
addressed me,  
and my interest  
seemed to be  
of the same nature.

IT'D  
SEEM THE  
SHOPKEEPER  
ISN'T  
PRESENT.

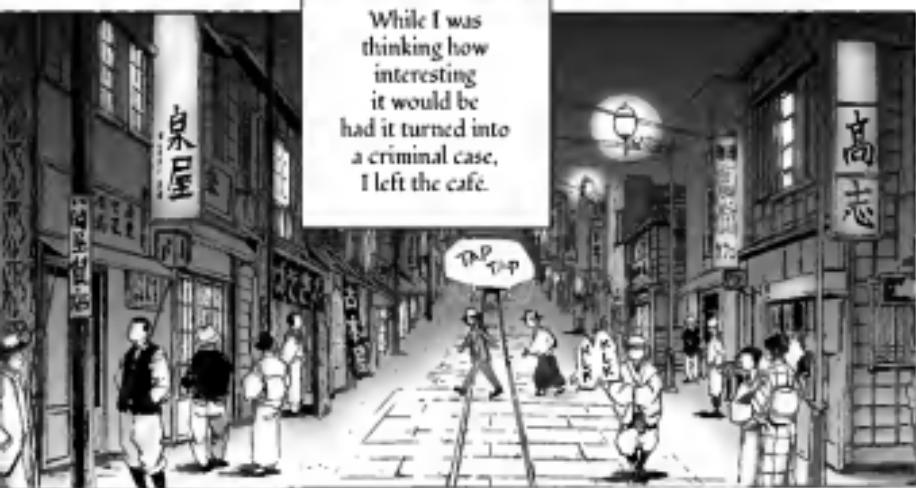
THAT  
CAN'T  
BE.

THOSE  
THIEVES,  
YOU  
MEAN?





While I was thinking how interesting it would be had it turned into a criminal case, I left the cafe.

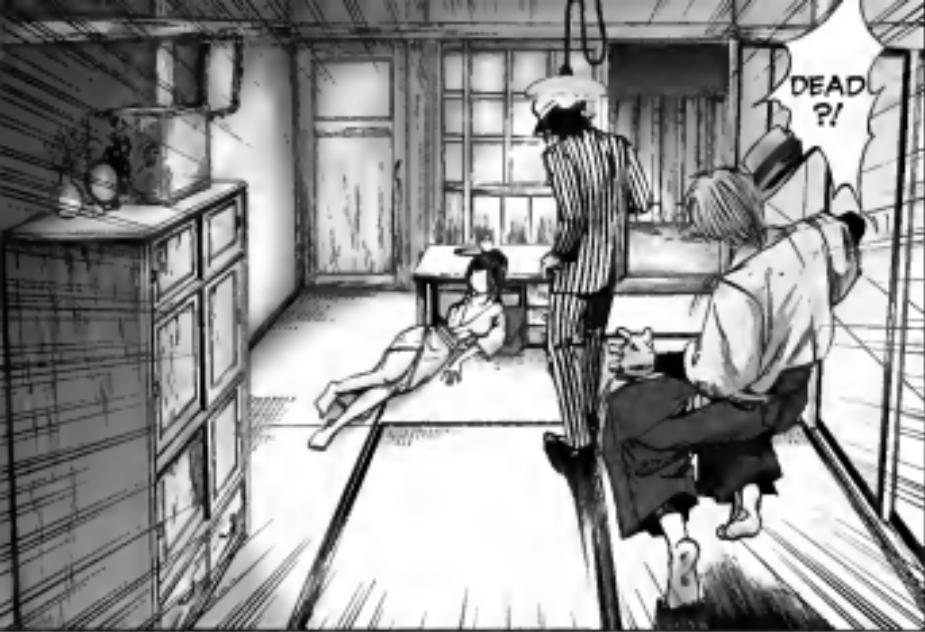








**SHE IS  
DEAD!!**





AS I  
SUSPECTED,  
THIS IS  
A MURDER  
CASE.



WHAT IS  
THIS MAN?  
THERE IS  
A CORPSE...  
AND A MURDER  
SCENE RIGHT  
BEFORE HIS EYES.  
YET HE REMAINS  
SO CALM...



SO MY  
PREMONI-  
TION  
WAS  
RIGHT  
ON THE  
MARK...

A  
MURDER  
CASE  
!!!



MOREOVER,  
HMM? IT HASN'T BEEN  
LONG SINCE  
SHE DREW  
HER LAST  
BREATH.

WHAT A  
TERRIBLY  
BEAUTIFUL  
MANNER  
OF  
DEATH...

NOR CAN  
I SMELL  
ALCOHOL  
OR DRUGS  
ON HER

WHAT  
ARE ALL  
THESE  
FRESH  
BRUISES  
ON HER  
BODY, I  
WONDER?

WHILE HER  
CLOTHES  
ARE SOME-  
WHAT IN A  
DISHEVELLED  
STATE,  
THERE IS  
NO SIGN OF  
STRUGGLE  
THAT I  
CAN SEE.

But there I was,  
frozen before  
reality, transfixed  
by the mode of  
detection which  
this man's  
bearing bespoke...

Indeed, I would  
outstrip any  
discourses in  
relation to crime  
or detection.

WHO ON  
EARTH  
IS HE?

Yet,  
behind a single  
thin shop inside  
one house lay  
the lifeless body  
of a cruelly  
murdered woman.  
what an irony...

Out there, the main street nonchalantly continued on with its constant flagrantly peaceful life...



Chief Inspector Namikoshi



COULD YOU GIVE ME THE DETAILS OF THE EVENTS THAT TRANSPRIRED?



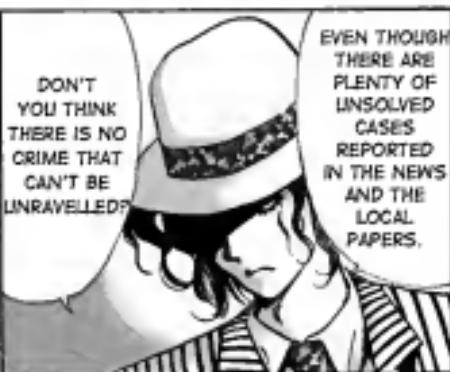
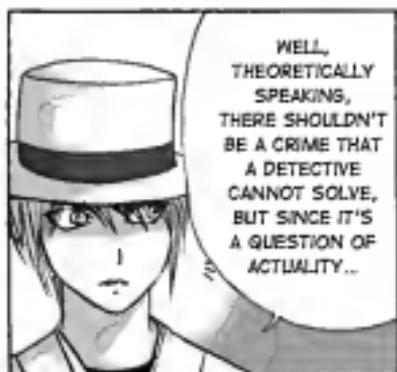
Before long the police and their medical examiner appeared.

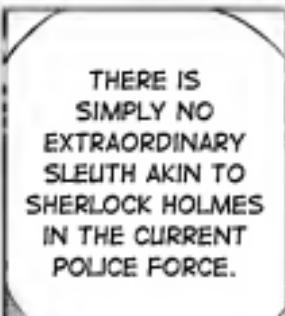


We gave summarised statements of the circumstances which led to the discovery of the body.

AROUND  
SEVEN  
O'CLOCK,  
I SAW THE  
WINDO W SLIDE  
SHUT







KOGOROU

AKECHI.

A few days later,  
I tried to probe  
the case's progress  
through my  
judicial-reporter  
friend.



sign: Edogawa

In short, there  
had been no new  
development  
since the night  
of incidence.



A MOUNTAIN  
OF TOWELS WAS  
THROWN IN ON  
THAT ONE. EVEN  
CHIEF INSPECTOR  
NAMIKOSHI  
COULDN'T HIDE  
HIS RESIGNED  
EXPRESSION.



Once again,  
urged by that  
inquisitive  
predisposition  
of mine, I set  
out to play a  
lone detective.



IT'S HIGHLY UNLIKELY THAT THE CRIMINAL COULD ESCAPE THROUGH THE BACKDOOR WITHOUT BEING SPOTTED BY ANYONE.



My findings were identical to the police's; all the residents in the neighbourhood appeared to be trustworthy, reliable people.

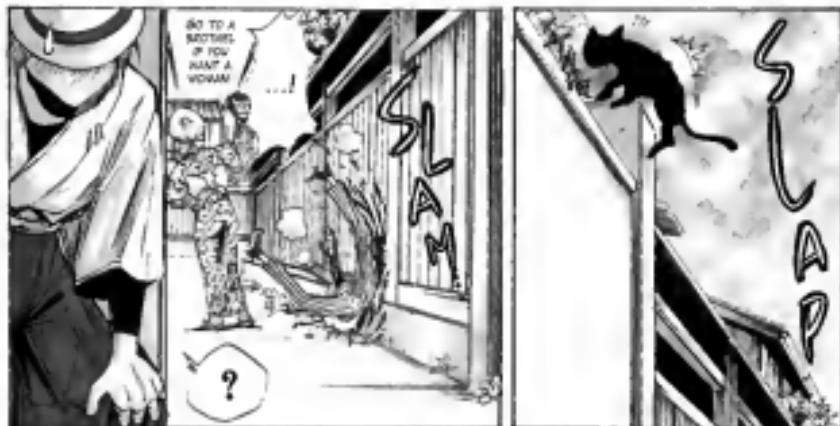


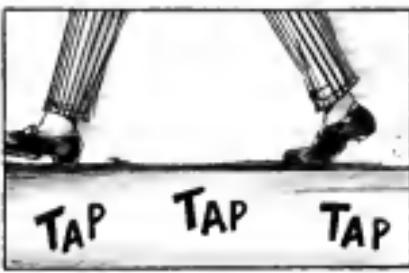
KLUK



...I  
ISN'T  
THAT THE  
SOBA-  
STORE  
OWNER'S  
WIFE...?







He walked towards Ueno for almost one hour.



He then entered a building.



I briefly contemplated my next move in front of the building...



E  
E  
A  
K

C  
R  
A  
K





"Originally Rump was quoting the seven judgments—A.M.W. which can be briefly translated as 'selected places without humans'—written by Oguri Matsuzawa, the story is also a Japanese legend who travelled to mysterious seven unspoken places in the world. Eventually the world has become a wasteland for places where no humans reside: when written. As I have mentioned before in the first chapter, it is not easy to narrate a chaotic writing race and selectively resurrect some old spellings at the same time, so these options are as far as my current educated brains can come up with that day will wish the rose of the tree, the bird/brood, the Shady/derived, the rather world." -Tsunagi Matsuzawa



*The shrieks,  
the death throes,  
is this the lair  
of the Shades\*?  
Have I wandered  
into a demented  
banquet of the  
damned?*







Throat  
dust-dry  
desiccated,  
let alone  
uttering  
a word.  
I could not  
even make  
a sound.

Nonetheless,  
my body,  
diametrically  
opposing the  
voice of  
righteousness,  
froze solid  
as if under the  
paralysing spell  
of anaesthetics.

*I must  
charge  
down  
there and  
save her  
at once.*





*Aah... I see.  
So it was like that?!*  
The murder scene of  
the used-bookstore  
lady...was reproduced  
before my very eyes...



*There is  
no mistake...  
Kogorou  
Akechi,  
he is the  
strangulation  
fiend.*